I AM THINE



2. My soul is sick from sin, fears compass it about,O, cleanse me from within, and guard me from without: to me thy truth impart, to me thine ear incline.O, take me to thy heart!My Saviour! I am thine.

3. In fast, and watch, and prayer, my days and nights I'll spend, if only I may share thy sorrow, dearest Friend; for O, the bitter pain, when any sin of mine that blood-washed heart doth stain, which should be purely thine.

4. I shall not die but live, and all thy love declare, so bountiful to give, so merciful to spare; my broken heart I'll rest, my weary head recline, my Saviour! on thy breast, and whisper, "I am thine."

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